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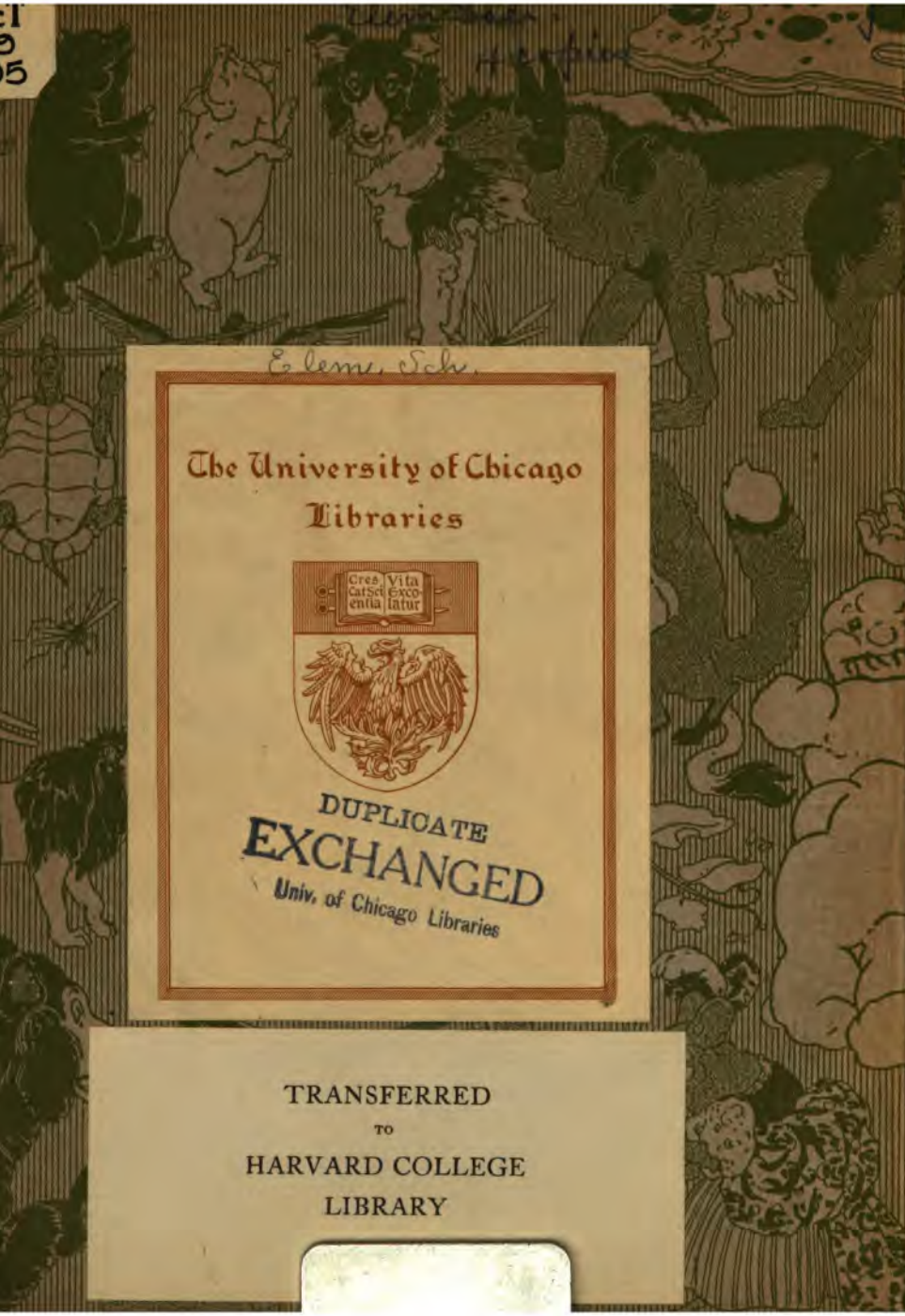
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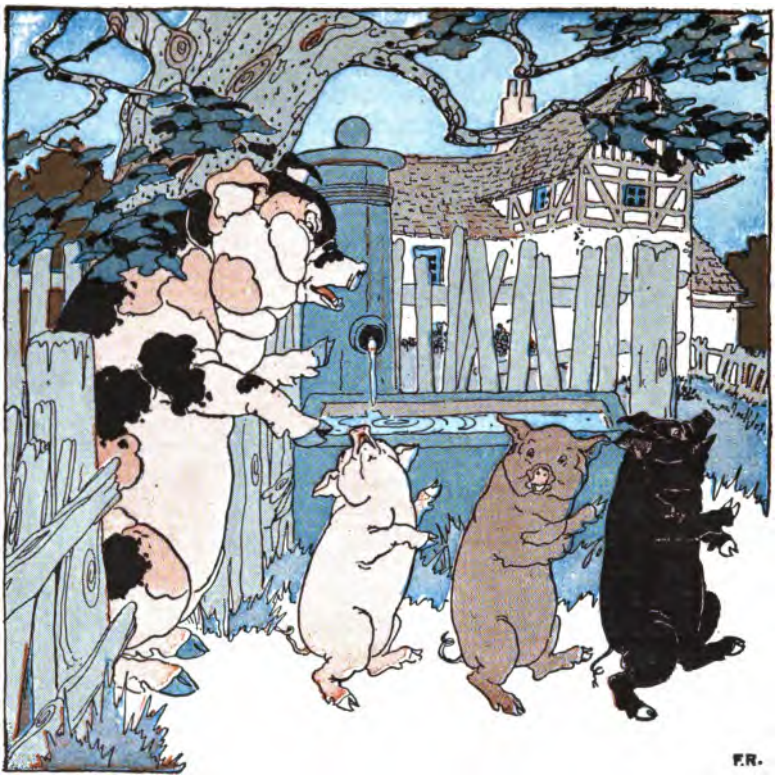


THE STORY OF THE THREE PIGS

Once there was a mother pig who had three little pigs.

Their names were Whitey, Browny, and Blacky.

The three little pigs grew and grew.

At last they were large enough
to go away from home.

So their mother kissed them good-bye
and sent them away.

WHITEY'S HOUSE

Whitey met a man
with a bundle of straw.

He said, "Please, sir,
will you give me the straw
to make me a house?"

"Yes, you may have it," said the man.

"Thank you," said Whitey.

Then he made a house of the straw.

THE WOLF VISITS WHITEY

Soon the wolf came
and rapped at the door.

He said, "Little pig, little pig,
let me come in."

The little pig said, "No, no,
by the hair of my chinny chin chin,
I will not let you come in."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff,
and I'll blow your house in,"
said the wolf.

And he huffed and he puffed,
and he blew the house in.

Then he ate up the little pig.

BROWNY'S HOUSE

Browny met a man
with a bundle of sticks.

He said, "Please, sir,
will you give me the sticks
to make me a house?"

"Yes, you may have them,"
said the man.

"Thank you," said Browny.

Then he made a house of the sticks.

THE WOLF VISITS BROWNY

Soon the wolf came and rapped at the door.

He said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

The little pig said, "No, no,
by the hair of my chinny chin chin,
I will not let you come in."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff,
and I'll blow your house in,"
said the wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed,
and he blew the house in.

Then he ate up the little pig.

BLACKY'S HOUSE

Blacky met a man
with a load of bricks.

He said, "Please, sir,
will you give me the bricks
to make me a house?"

"Yes, you may have them,"
said the man.

"Thank you," said Blacky.

Then he made a house of the bricks.

THE WOLF VISITS BLACKY

Soon the wolf came
and rapped at the door.

He said, "Little pig, little pig,
let me come in."

The little pig said, "No, no,
by the hair of my chinny chin chin,
I will not let you come in."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff,
and I'll blow your house in,"
said the wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed,
and he huffed and he puffed;
but he could not blow the house in.

THE TURNIP FIELD

Then the wolf said, "Little pig,
I know where there is a nice field
of turnips."

"Where is it?" asked Blacky.

"Down at Mr. Black's farm,"
said the wolf.

"We will go to-morrow morning
and get some turnips for dinner."

"At what time shall we go?"
asked Blacky.

"At six o'clock," said the wolf.

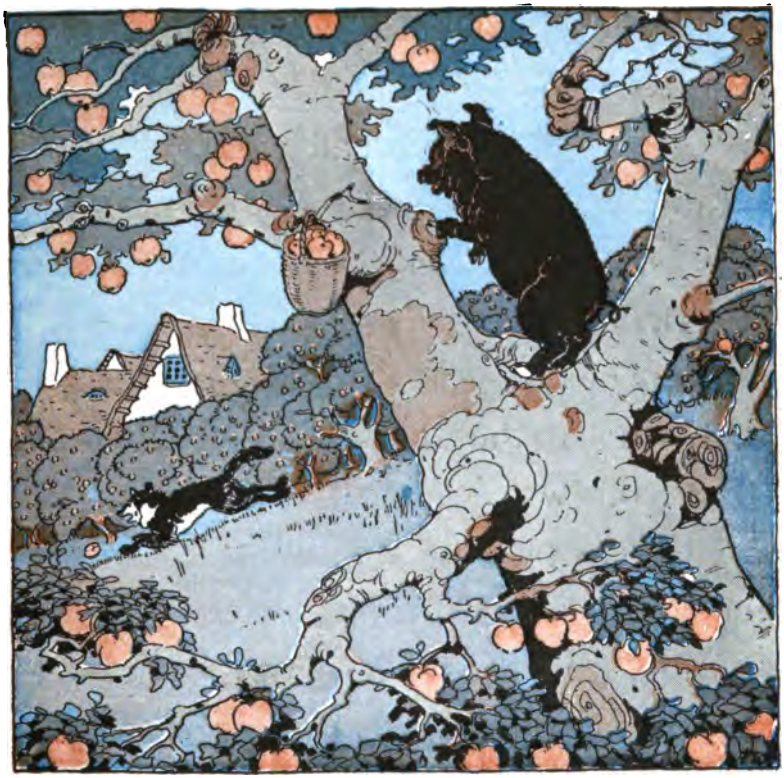
Then he went away.

The next morning Blacky got up
at five.

He went and got the turnips
before the wolf came.

When the wolf came, he said,
"Little pig, are you ready?"

"Oh, I have been there," said Blacky.
"I got up at five this morning
and went to the turnip field.
I got a potful of turnips
for dinner."



THE APPLE TREE IN MERRY GARDEN

The wolf was very angry.
But he said, "Little pig,
I know where there are some nice apples."
"Where are they?" asked Blacky.
"In Merry Garden," said the wolf.

"We will go to-morrow morning
and get some."

"At what time shall we go?"
asked Blacky.

"At five o'clock," said the wolf.

Then he went away.

The next morning Blacky got up at four.
He went for the apples
before the wolf came.

He climbed the tree
and filled his basket.
Then he saw the wolf coming.

The wolf said, "Little pig,
are the apples good?"

"Oh, yes," said Blacky.
"I will throw down one for you."

So he threw down an apple,
and it rolled far away.

When the wolf went to get it,
Blacky jumped down and ran home.

BLACKY GOES TO THE FAIR

The next day the wolf came and said, "Little pig, there is a fair at Fair Field to-day.

I will come and go with you."

"At what time shall we go?"
asked Blacky.

"At three o'clock," said the wolf.

Then he went away.

Blacky went to the fair,
but he went before the wolf came.
He bought a butter-churn
and started for home.

Soon he saw the wolf coming
and he was afraid.

He crawled into the butter-churn.
Then it began to roll down the hill.
It rolled past the wolf.
It frightened him so much
that he ran home.

The next day the wolf came
and said, "Little pig,
why didn't you go to the fair?"

"Oh, I did go," said Blacky.

"I went and bought a butter-churn.
On the way home I met you.
So I jumped into the butter-churn
and rolled down the hill."

THE WOLF GOES DOWN THE CHIMNEY

When the wolf heard that,
he was very angry.

He said, "Little pig, I will eat you.
I will come down the chimney
to get you."

Blacky built a fire
and filled the kettle with water.
Soon the water began to boil.

Then the wolf came down the chimney.
He fell into the kettle
and was killed.

After that no one ever came
to harm Blacky.

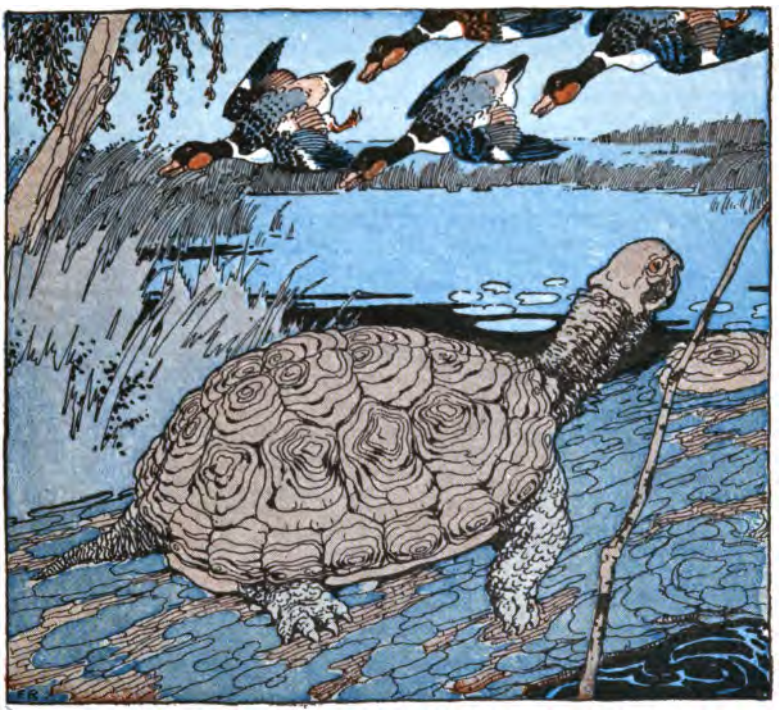
BETTY WINKLE'S PIG

Little Betty Winkle, she had a pig.
It was a little pig, not very big.
When he was alive, he lived in clover,
But now he's dead and that's all over.

Little Johnny Winkle, he
Sat down and cried.
Little Betty Winkle, she
Lay down and died.

So that was the end of one, two, three,

Johnny Winkle, he,
Betty Winkle, she,
And piggy wiggy.



THE WISE TORTOISE

A tortoise lived in a brook.
All day long he sat on a log.
He saw the ducks fly over head.
He wished he could fly, too.

Soon some of the ducks came
and swam in the brook near the log
on which the tortoise sat.

"Good ducks, teach me to fly,"
said he.

"No, we cannot teach you to fly,"
said the ducks. "You have no wings.
You must stay in the brook."

"Yes, you can teach me to fly,"
said the tortoise. "Let two ducks
take this stick in their bills.
I will hold fast to the middle of it,
and you can carry me through the air."

So the ducks took the stick in their bills,
and the tortoise held fast
with his mouth.

"Do not open your mouth,"
said the ducks. "If you do,
you will fall to the ground."

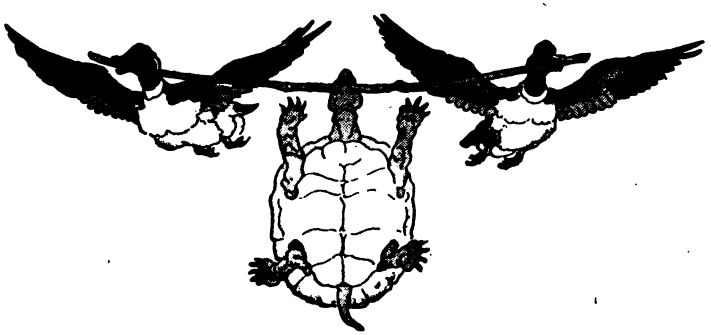
"No, I shall not open it,"
said the tortoise.

Away flew the ducks high up in the air.
They carried the tortoise with them.

As they went over a village,
some men saw the ducks and the tortoise.
One of them said, "Who was wise enough
to think of that?"

"I was," said the tortoise.

But when he opened his mouth to say it,
he fell to the ground, and was killed.



FUN FOR THE BOYS

A family of frogs lived in a little pond.

One day some boys threw stones at them. They liked to see them jump and splash about.

At last Father Frog said, "Boys, that may be fun for you, but it is death for us."

THE WOLF AND THE DOG

One day a wolf met a dog.
The dog was fat.
He looked as if he had plenty to eat.
The wolf was thin.
He looked as if he had nothing to eat.
"You are a lucky dog," said the wolf.

"You have plenty to eat.
I am half starved."

"Come with me," said the dog.
"You shall have what you like to eat."

As they went along, the dog said,
"At night I watch the house,
and all day I eat or sleep in the yard."

"What is that mark on your neck?"
asked the wolf.

"Oh, that is where the chain
wears the hair off," said the dog.

"Chain?" said the wolf.
"Do you wear a chain?"

"Oh, yes," said the dog.
"My master chains me to my kennel
during the day, but at night
I am free to go where I wish."

"Good-bye," said the wolf.
"I will not go with you.
I may be hungry, but I am free."

WHY THE LION LIKED THE ELEPHANT

Once upon a time,
the lion was very fond
of the elephant.
The lion was the king.

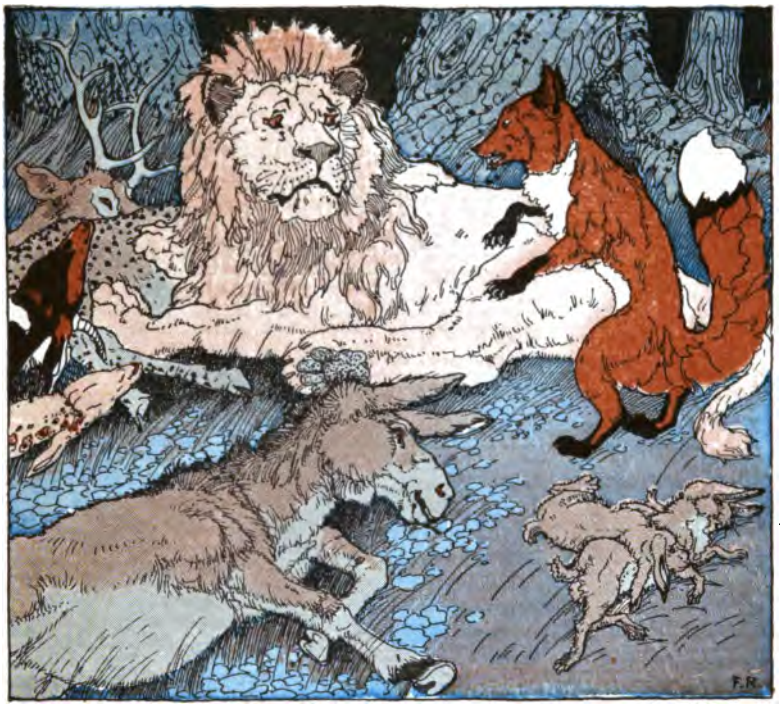
So all the animals wished to know
why he liked the elephant.
They met in the forest
to talk it over.

"If the elephant
had a bushy tail like mine,"
said the fox, "I should know
why the lion liked him."

"If the elephant
had sharp claws like mine,"
said the bear, "I should know
why the lion liked him."

"If the elephant's tusks
were like my horns,"
said the ox, "I should know
why the lion liked him."

"It is all very plain to me,"
said the donkey, shaking his ears.
"The lion likes the elephant
because his ears are long."



THE LION'S SHARE

Once upon a time, a lion, a fox and a donkey went to hunt together. They agreed to share all the game they might catch.

In the evening, the three hunters met at the edge of the forest.

The lion said it was time for supper.
He asked the donkey to divide the game.
So the donkey made three equal heaps
of the animals that had been killed.
Then he asked each of the others
to step up and choose his heap.
This made the lion very angry.
He sprang upon the donkey
and killed him.
Then he said, "Friend fox,
now there are only two of us.
See how well you can divide the supper."
The fox put almost all of the game
into one great heap before the lion.
He kept only a little for himself.
The lion was much pleased at this.
He said, "Friend fox,
who taught you to divide so well?"
"That dead donkey taught me,"
said the fox.

WHY THE DOG IS AN ENEMY OF THE CAT

A long time ago the dog had a right to eat all the meat that fell upon the floor.

That was a fine time for the dog. He was fat and happy.

He was afraid some one
would take this right from him.
So he asked the king to give him a paper,
and the paper said
that the dog could have the meat.

The dog gave the paper to the cat.
She said she would keep it for him.
She hid it behind a beam in the attic.

Some mice lived in the attic.
One of them saw the paper.
She wanted it for her nest.

She tried to pull it from the beam,
but it stuck fast.
So she began to nibble at it.
She nibbled a little every day.
At last the paper was all gone.

One day the dog was hungry
and picked up a piece of meat
that had fallen on the floor.

His mistress was angry
and whipped him for it.
So the dog asked the cat
to get the paper.

Pussy went to the attic.
She put her paw behind the beam,
but the paper was not there.

Pussy went back to the kitchen
and told the dog. He was very angry
and called all the dogs together.
He told them what the cat had done.

The dogs talked about it
from morning until night.
At last they all agreed
to be enemies of the cat forever.

When the cat heard of this,
she was angry at the mice.

Since that time dogs have hated cats,
and cats have hated mice.

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE

A Story to Play

(*The City Mouse goes to visit the Country Mouse.*)

Country Mouse. Good morning! I am glad to see you.

City Mouse. Good morning! I am glad I came.

(*They shake hands.*)

Country Mouse. Now come and eat some of this nice grain.

City Mouse. Thank you. This is nice grain, but do you not have any pie or cake to eat?

Country Mouse. I do not know what pie and cake are. I never ate any.

City Mouse. Come to visit me to-morrow. Then you can have as much as you like.

Country Mouse. Thank you. I shall come to-morrow.

City Mouse. Good-bye. I must go now. It will soon be dark.

Country Mouse. Good-bye. Come again.

(*The City Mouse goes away.*)

(*The next day the Country Mouse goes to visit the City Mouse.*)

City Mouse. Good morning! I am glad to see you.

Country Mouse. Good morning! I am glad I came.

City Mouse. You must be hungry. Come into the pantry and get something to eat.

(*The mice go to the pantry.*)

City Mouse. Here is some cheese. Here is the cake, and here is the pie.

Country Mouse. Oh, this is fine!
I shall always stay here.
I never had such good things to eat.

(*The door flies open and in come the dog and the cat. The dog barks and the cat says "Meow." Then the mice run away.*)

Country Mouse. What were those terrible creatures?

City Mouse. Oh, they were only the dog and the cat. They often come here. When they go away, we can go back to the pantry.

Country Mouse. No, I am going home. I do not have good things to eat, but I am safe. Good-bye.

City Mouse. Good-bye.

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE GARDEN MOUSE

The City Mouse lives in a house;
  The Garden Mouse lives in a bower.
He is friendly with the frogs and toads,
  And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The City Mouse eats bread and cheese;
  The Garden Mouse eats what he can.
We will not grudge him seeds and twigs,
  Poor little timid furry man.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

THE GARDEN

One day Red Fox said to Bruin,
"Let us plant a garden."

"Yes, let us plant a garden,"
said Bruin.

Red Fox said,
"You may have the tops,
and I will have the roots."

"That is fair," said Bruin.
"You may have the roots,
and I will have the tops."

"What shall we plant in our garden?"
asked Red Fox.

"Let us plant corn," said Bruin.

"The birds will eat corn,"
said Red Fox. "Let us plant turnips."

"All right," said Bruin.
"Let us plant turnips."

THE TURNIPS

One day Red Fox said,
"Bruin, our turnips are ripe.

"You may take the tops,
and I will take the roots."

So Red Fox had the turnips.
Bruin had only the leaves.

"That is not fair," said Bruin.

The next year Red Fox said,
"Bruin, let us plant a garden."

"Yes, let us plant a garden,"
said Bruin. "This year
you may have the tops,
and I will have the roots."

"That is fair," said Red Fox.
"This year you may have the roots,
and I will have the tops."

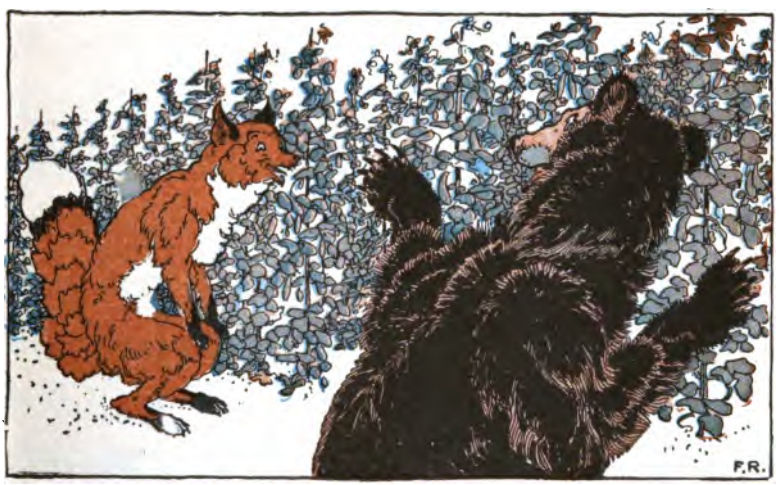
Then Red Fox said, "Bruin,
what shall we plant in our garden?"

"Let us plant beets," said Bruin.

"The worms will eat beets,"
said Red Fox. "Let us plant beans."

"All right," said Bruin.

So they planted beans in their garden.
When the beans were ripe,
Red Fox said, "Bruin, our beans are ripe.
You take the roots
and I will take the tops."
So Red Fox had the beans,
and Bruin had only the roots.
"That is not fair," said Bruin.
"I shall never plant a garden
with you again."

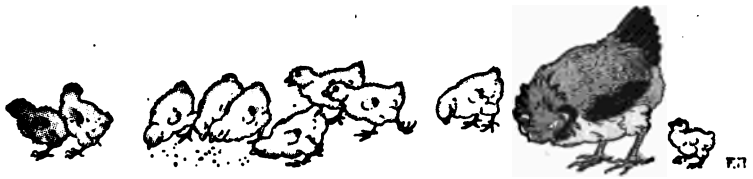


BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

Boats sail on the rivers,
  And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
  Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
  As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
  Is prettier far than these.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*



LITTLE HALF CHICK

Once upon a time there was a hen that had ten chickens.

Nine of them were fine little fellows. But the tenth was only half as large as a chicken should be. So his mother called him Half Chick.

Little Half Chick's feet were crooked. He walked with a hop and a kick. This made the other chicks laugh at him. But his mother was very sad.

She said,

"Little Half Chick will never be big like his brothers. They will grow up and go away from home. He will always stay at home with me."

Little Half Chick's mother
soon found out that this was not so.
He was not willing to stay at home
with her.

The other chicks liked to sit
under her wings.
But Half Chick hopped far away.

When his mother called him,
he only ran farther than ever.

One day he hopped up to his mother.
Then he said, "Mother,
I am tired of living here.
I am going off to see the king."

"What is that you say?"
asked Half Chick's mother.
"That would be a long walk, even for me.
You would be tired
before you were half way there.

"Stay at home with me.
Some day you will be bigger.
Then we will take a nice long walk.'

HALF CHICK GOES TO SEE THE KING

Half Chick would not listen to her.
He had made up his mind to run away.
So he set out with a hop and a kick.

His mother saw that he was going,
so she called out to him:

"Always be kind and polite
to every one you meet."

Half Chick was in a hurry.
He did not hear what his mother said.
He did not even say good-bye to her.

THE WATER

He hurried on as fast as he could.
He soon came to a little stream.
It was full of water weeds and plants.

"O Half Chick!" cried the water,
"please come and help me.
These weeds are in my way.
I can hardly move."

"Take them away yourself,"
said Half Chick. "I am in a hurry.
I am going to see the king.
I have no time to help you."

So on he went with a hop and a kick.
Soon he heard some one calling.

THE FIRE

The voice said, "O Little Half Chick!
please give me some dry leaves and sticks.
I shall die if some one does not help me!"

Half Chick stopped and saw a tiny fire.
Some one had left it burning.
It was very low and would soon go out.

"Get the sticks and leaves for yourself
if you want them," said Half Chick.
"Do not stop me. I am going
to see the king."

And on he went with a hop and a kick.

THE WIND

Early the next morning
Half Chick came to a big tree.
The wind was caught in its branches.
It could not get away.

"O Half Chick!" called the wind,
"please come and help me.

I can not get away from this tree."

"Then stay where you are,"
said Half Chick. "Don't bother me.
I am going to see the king."

And on he went with a hop and a kick.

THE KING'S POT-PIE

That morning the king
had ordered chicken pot-pie
for dinner.

The cook looked out of the window
and saw Half Chick coming.

"Why, here is the very thing I need
for the king's pot-pie," said he.

Then he caught Half Chick
and threw him into the pot.

Half Chick tried to climb out,
but he could not. So he called to the water,

"O water, please don't wet me like this.
I shall drown!"

"I am surprised at you," said the water.
"You would not help me
when I was in the stream,
so I can not help you now."

Soon the fire began to burn.
Half Chick hopped from one side of the pot
to the other. He tried
to get away from the heat.

At last he cried, "O fire,
please do not burn me like this!
You do not know how it hurts me."

"Little Half Chick," said the fire,
"you would not help me
when I was dying in the woods,
so I can not help you now."

At last the cook looked in the pot.
Half Chick was burned as black as a coal.
So he said, "This chick is all burned,
it is not fit to eat."

HALF-CHICK IS THROWN OUT OF THE WINDOW

Then he took Half Chick up on his fork, and threw him out of the window. The wind caught him and carried him through the air. He went so fast he could hardly breathe.

He called out, "O wind,
please do not blow me along like this.
If you do not stop, you will kill me."

"I am surprised at you," said the wind.
"When I was caught in the tree,
you would not help me,
so I can not help you now."

Then the wind carried Half Chick
over the roofs of the houses. At last
they came to the church spire.
There Half Chick stuck fast.
He tried to get away, but he could not.

Ever since that time
Half Chick has stood on the church spire
to tell which way the wind blows.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND

Who has seen the wind?
  Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling
  The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
  Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads,
  The wind is passing by.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

FIVE IN ONE POD

There were once five peas in one pod. They were green and the pod was green. So they thought all the world was green.

Why shouldn't they have thought so?

The pod grew, and the peas grew as they sat there in a row.

The sun shone warm, and the rain made the air moist and pleasant.

The peas thought and thought all day long. They wondered what would happen to them.

At last one of them said,
"How long are we to sit here?
I think there is something
outside this pod."

THE PEAS TURN YELLOW

The days came and went,
and the peas still sat there.
The pod began to turn yellow,
and the peas turned yellow, too.
Then they thought all the world
was yellow.

Why shouldn't they have thought so?

One day the peas felt some one
pull the pod from the stem.
Then it was put into a pocket
with some other pods.

"Now we shall get out," said the peas.

They were very happy now.

They were going away from the field
where they had always lived.

"I wonder which of us
will get out first?" said the smallest
of the five peas.

"We shall soon see,"
said the largest pea. "What will happen,
will happen."

Pop! The pod burst open,
and the five yellow peas
rolled into a little boy's hand
all at once.

The little boy said they were just right
for his pea-shooter.
So he put one of them into the shooter
and shot it.

"Here I go out into the world,"
said the pea. "Catch me if you can."

Then another pea was put into the
shooter and away he went.

"I shall fly up to the sun
and stay there," said he.
"That is the place for me."

Two of the peas were lazy.
They said, "Wherever we go,
we shall sleep."

Then they rolled out on the ground,
but the little boy saw them.
He picked them up and put them
into his pea-shooter.

"We shall go the farthest of all,"
they said.

"What will happen, will happen,"
said the smallest pea,
as the boy shot him into the air.

He went up on a roof
under an attic window.
There he rolled into a crack
that was filled with dirt and moss.

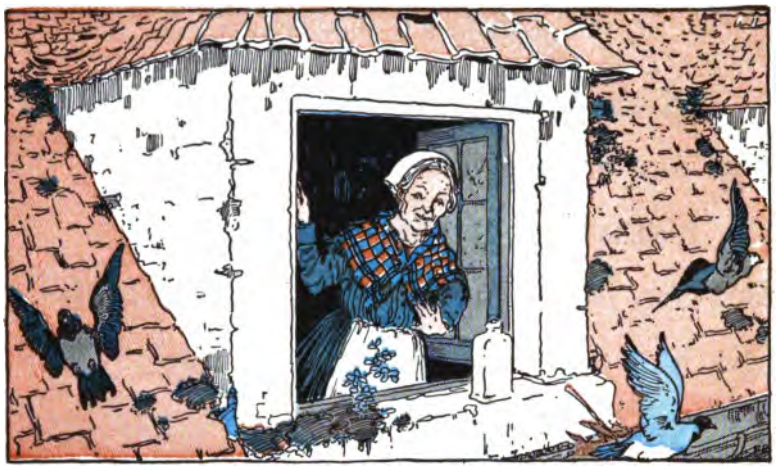
In the attic, lived a poor woman
and her daughter. Every day
the mother went out to work.
But the little girl had to stay at home.
She had been ill for almost a year.

"She will die, as her little sister did,"
said the mother. "I have worked hard
to care for my two children.
God has taken one, and now I fear my
other little girl will die, also."

The sick girl lay in bed all day,
while her mother was working.

One morning as the mother was ready
to go, her daughter said:

"What is that little green thing
outside the window? See how it moves
with the wind!"



THE PEA PLANT

The mother opened the window.

"Well, I declare!" said she.
"A pea is growing in this crack
under the window. I wonder
how it ever got there!
Now you have a little garden
to watch."

She moved the bed closer to the window.
There the sick girl could see
the little plant better.

Then she went to her work.

When she came home that evening,
the little girl said,

"Mother, I think I shall be well soon.
To-day the sun was bright and warm.
The little pea is growing fast,
and I am sure it will make me
strong again."

"I hope so, my dear," said her mother.

But it seemed too good to be true.

The mother tied the pea plant
to a little stick so the wind
would not break it.

Between the stick and the window
she fastened a piece of string.
Then the tiny fingers of the little plant
had something to cling to.

Every day the pea vine grew and grew.
The little girl could almost see it grow.

THE BLOSSOM

"A blossom is coming,"
said her mother one day.
She was very happy now.
She had begun to think
that her daughter would be well again.
She was able to sit up in the bed.
She was stronger than she had been
for a long time.

One day she sat up for a whole hour.
The sun shone bright and warm,
and the window was open.
Near her was the little plant
with its one blossom.

The little girl leaned out
and kissed the blossom.
That was a happy day for her
and her mother.

"Our Heavenly Father
planted that little pea," said her mother.
"He had it grow to make you well."

THE OTHER PEAS

What became of the other peas?

The first three were picked up
and eaten by the birds.
So they were of some use in the world.
The fourth pea thought
he should live in the sun

but he fell into the gutter.

There he lay in the water
for a long time. He swelled up
bigger and bigger.

"I am growing very fat," said he.
"I am the finest pea from our pod."

THE FIFTH PEA

The little pea upon the roof
did not say anything,
but it grew more beautiful every day.

Up in the attic window
stood the little girl who had been ill.
Her cheeks were red
and her eyes were bright.
She was thanking God
for the little pea blossom.

—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

COME OUT TO PLAY

Boys and girls, come out to play,
The moon does shine as bright as day.
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And come to your playfellows in the street.

Come with a whoop and come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.

—*Mother Goose.*

THE MOUSE THAT ATE A CAT

The mice were very hungry. It was evening and they had not had a bite to eat all day. The cat was in the kitchen, so they did not dare to go to the pantry.

At last one little mouse named Nibble went softly down the stairs. He wanted to see if the cat was still there. He thought she might go to bed early because it was Christmas eve.

But the cat was still there. She sat in the hall that led to the pantry. Nibble looked at her and she looked at him. He did not move and she did not move. Perhaps she did not see him.

NIBBLE BREAKS THE CAT'S FOOT

Nibble started to run. He ran so fast that he slipped. He fell against the cat

and broke off one of her feet. Still the cat did not move. She must be asleep.

Nibble ran back and took up the broken foot in his mouth. It was very sweet. He did not think such an ugly thing as a cat could be so sweet.

Nibble ate the foot. Then he bit off another piece of the cat's leg. He ate and he ate until he ate the cat all up.

His sides now stuck out so far that he could hardly walk up the stairs.

When he came to the other mice, he said, "Do not be afraid to go to the kitchen now. I have eaten the cat."

The mice did not know that a mouse could eat a cat, but Nibble looked very big. They thought he had eaten her.

They went down to the kitchen to see. The cat was gone. Nibble had eaten her.

Then the mice went to the pantry. They ate the cake. They ate the cheese. They ate everything they could find. They were so glad that Nibble had eaten the cat.

The next day the mice went to the kitchen again. There was the cat! Nibble had not eaten her after all! So they ran back to the attic.

They soon found out how it all happened. The cat that Nibble had eaten was not the real cat. It was only a candy cat that had fallen out of one of the children's stockings.

THE STONE IN THE ROAD

Once upon a time there was a man who was very rich. He lived in a fine house near a large village.

In front of the house was a road on which many persons traveled every day.

The rich man was very kind to the travelers. They often rested in the shade in front of his house. If they were thirsty, he gave them water to drink. If they were hungry, he gave them food to eat.

But the rich man was sad because he saw so many idle persons passing by. So he placed a big stone in the middle of the road. Then he watched to see what would happen.

By and by, came a man who was leading a cow. He grumbled because the

stone was in his path. But he only walked around it, and went on his way.

The next to come was a farmer on his way to the mill. He also grumbled because the stone was in his way. But he drove around it, and went on to the mill.

So it was all day long. Every one who saw the stone, grumbled because it was there. But no one tried to roll it out of the way.

At last, just before night, the miller's boy came along. He had worked hard all day, and he was very tired. He wished to be home in time for supper. When he came to the stone, he stopped and said:

"It will soon be dark. Some one may stumble over that stone and hurt himself. I will roll it out of the road."

The stone was very heavy. The miller's boy tugged and tugged at it, and at last he rolled it into the gutter.

Then in the place where the stone had been, he found a pot, full of shining gold pieces. It had been hidden under the stone. He tried to lift it, but it was too heavy. He could only drag it along the

ground. On the pot was written:

"This pot and the gold belong to the one who takes away the stone."

So the miller's boy went home, dragging the pot of gold behind him. The rich man heard his merry song and he was glad because he had found some one who was not afraid of hard work.

THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
  Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
  Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
  Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
  Over the countryside.

Till I look down on the garden green,
  Down on the roof so brown-
Up in the air I go flying again,
  Up in the air and down.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

HOW THE BIRDS LEARNED TO BUILD NESTS

A long time ago the magpie was the only bird that knew how to build a nest. The other birds came and asked her to teach them.

"Yes, I will teach you," said the magpie. "Watch me make this nest. Then you will know how to make one yourself."

So all the birds stood around to watch the magpie make the nest.

First she got some mud. She rolled it until it was round like a ball. Then she patted it until it looked like a little cake.

"Oh, that is easy," said the thrush, as she flew away to her home in the hedge. "Now I know how to make a nest." Since that time a thrush has always made her nest of mud.

Next the magpie took some small twigs and laid them on the cake of mud.

"Now I know what to do," said the blackbird.

Then away she flew to the maple tree to make her nest of mud and twigs.

After that the magpie put some more mud on the twigs.

"Who? Who? Who doesn't know how to make a nest now?" said the owl, as she flew to her hole in the old tree and made a nest of mud and twigs.

Then the magpie threw some sticks about the nest.

"That is the nest for me," said the sparrow.

Since that time a sparrow has always made her nest of sticks.

The magpie lined the nest with strings and hair.

"Oh, what a fine nest!" said the robin, as she flew away to the old cherry tree.

Since that time a robin has always made her nest of string and hair.

Last of all, the magpie took some straw to wrap around the nest. The lark came just in time to see her do that. She flew to the meadow to make a straw nest for herself.

None of the birds was willing to wait for the magpie to teach her to make a nest. And that is why birds build their nests in so many different ways.

SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
  And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
  In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
  The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
  Is singing in the rain.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

HOW LITTLE RABBIT CAUGHT THE SUN IN A TRAP

Little Rabbit lived with his grandmother. Their home was a wigwam by the side of the river.

At last the summer was over. The leaves of the trees were yellow and red. Then Little Rabbit and his grandmother took the wigwam and went to find a new hunting ground.

Every morning Little Rabbit took his bow and arrows and went to hunt. He stored the meat and furs in the wigwam, so grandmother and he would have warm furs to wear and something to eat when winter came.

When Little Rabbit came home one night, he carried the furs and the meat

into the wigwam. Then he sat down by the fire and said, "Grandmother, I am up early every morning. I go to the woods to hunt, but some one has been there before me. He has long feet. I can see his tracks in the path."

"You must get up earlier," said his grandmother. "Then you can see who it is."

The next morning Little Rabbit got up very early. He took his bow and arrows and hurried to the woods, but some one had been there before him. There were tracks in the path. Little Rabbit was very angry because he could not find out who made the tracks.

When he came home that night, he said: "Grandmother, I was awake early. I went to the woods, but some one with long feet had been there before me."

"You must not be late again," said his grandmother. "You must get up earlier."

So the next morning Little Rabbit got up before it was light. He hurried to the woods. There were tracks in the path again.

Little Rabbit was angry. When he went home he said: "Grandmother, I was up very early. I hurried to the woods, but I was too late again. Some one had been there before me. I saw the tracks, but I do not know who made them."

"You must get up earlier," said the grandmother.

"No, grandmother, I can not get up any earlier," said Little Rabbit. "I will set a trap and catch the one who makes the tracks."

"Do not do that," said the grand-

mother. "You might catch some fierce animal in your trap."

THE TRAP

But Little Rabbit would not listen to his grandmother. He went to the woods and set the trap. Then he went to bed.

The next morning he got up early and went to look at his trap. When he came to the place, it was as light as day. He had caught the sun in his trap!

Little Rabbit was afraid. He ran home as fast as his legs could carry him. He ran so fast he lost his breath.

Grandmother was building a fire near the wigwam. As soon as Little Rabbit could speak, he said, "O grandmother, there is something bright in my trap. It looks like fire."

"O you bad rabbit!" said his grandmother. "Now you have caught the sun in your trap. Run back and let him go, or he will set the world on fire."

"I should like to let him go," said Little Rabbit, "but he is so hot I am afraid to go near him."

For a long time Little Rabbit was afraid to go to the trap. At last he took his hatchet and went.

When he came near the place, the sun called out: "O you bad rabbit, you have caught me in your trap! Let me go or I will burn you up!"

"Do not burn me," said Little Rabbit, "and I will let you go."

So Little Rabbit came nearer and nearer, and the sun grew hotter and hotter. At last he took hold of the trap and opened it, and the sun sprang up into the sky.

The sun was so hot that the fur on Little Rabbit's back caught fire. He rolled over and over on the grass and put it out, but since that time rabbits have had yellow fur on their backs.

THE PRINCESS AND THE GOLDEN BALL

There was once a princess who had a beautiful golden ball. She was fond of tossing it up into the air and catching it again. But one day she tossed it up and it fell into a deep well.

The little princess ran to the edge of the well and looked down into the water. She could not see the ball, so she began to cry.

Soon a big green frog poked his head up out of the water and said, "Why are you crying, little girl?"

"My golden ball has fallen down into the well," said the princess, "I shall never see it again."

"Little girl," said the frog, "if I go down to the bottom of the well and bring

up your golden ball, what will you give me?"

"I will give you all my playthings," said the princess.

"I do not want your playthings," said the frog. "What else will you give me?"

"I will give you my new dress," said the princess.

"I do not want your new dress," said the frog. "What else will you give me?"

"I will give you my red slippers," said the princess.

"No," said the frog, "I do not want your red slippers. What else will you give me?"

"I have nothing else to give you," said the princess. Then she began to cry.

THE FROG'S OFFER

"Little girl," said the frog, "if I go down to the bottom of the well, and bring up your golden ball, will you let me come to your house? Will you let me eat from your golden plate? Will you let me drink from your silver cup? Will you let me sleep on your little white bed?"

"Oh, yes," said the princess, "you may come if you will get my golden ball."

So the frog went down to the bottom

of the well and came up with the golden ball in his mouth. The princess took the ball and ran home. She did not even wait to thank the frog for all his trouble.

While she was eating dinner, there was a rap at the door.

"Run to the door, my dear," said her father, "and see who is there."

The princess ran to the door and opened it. There stood the big, green frog, so she shut the door and ran back to the table.

"Who is at the door?" asked her father.

"A big, green frog," said the princess. "I told him that if he would get my golden ball at the bottom of the well, he could come to my house. He could eat from my golden plate. He could drink

from my silver cup. He could sleep on my little white bed. I did not think he would come, but he is here."

"My daughter," said her father, "a promise is a promise. It must be kept. Open the door and let the frog come in."

So the princess opened the door and the frog came in. He hopped across the floor and he hopped upon her chair. He ate from her golden plate and drank from her silver cup.

Then, when it was time to go to bed, he hopped up stairs and slept in the little white bed where the princess always slept. She had to sleep with her mother.

As soon as the princess opened her eyes next morning she dressed herself. Then she ran to her own room to see how her little white bed looked after a

frog had slept in it. The bed was all right, but the frog was not there.

She ran down stairs to look for him, but he was not there. Then she went out into the yard, and there she found him.

But he was not a big, green frog now. He had been changed into a little boy with a green suit.

He made a deep bow and said, "Little girl, you let me eat from your golden plate. You let me drink from your silver cup. You let me sleep on your little white bed. Because you were so kind, I have been changed back into a little boy. I was the slave of a bad fairy, but you have set me free."

Then the father of the little princess went to the house where the little boy lived, and in a little while his mother came and found her long lost boy.

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

I saw a ship a-sailing,
  A-sailing on the sea;
And oh! it was all laden
  With pretty things for thee!

There were candies in the cabin,
  And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
  And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
  That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
  With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
  With a packet on his back.
And when the ship began to move,
  The captain said, "Quack! quack!"

—*Mother Goose.*

THE LION AND THE MOSQUITOES

One summer the sun took away all the water from the brooks and the springs. The lion became very thirsty and went everywhere to find some water to drink.

At last he came to a well that was partly filled with water. When he reached down to drink, he saw that it was the home of a great many mosquitoes.

"Go away, lion!" they said. "This is our home. You can not drink here."

The lion roared and said, "Foolish mosquitoes, do you know who I am? I am the lion. I am king of all the animals in the forest. I drink where I like."

"You can not drink here," said the mosquitoes. "You are only one and there are thousands of us."

"Go away from here!" roared the lion.

"No, we will not go away," said the mosquitoes. "Our family lived here before you were born, and we will not go away now."

"I will kill every one of you!" roared the lion, as he jumped down into the well.

The well was deep and narrow, and the lion almost stood on his head. He could not get out of the well.

The mosquitoes stung the lion's nose and ears and eyes. He roared with pain until his strength was almost gone.

Just before he died, he said, "How foolish I have been. If I had been kind to the mosquitoes, they would have given me water to drink. Because I was proud and angry, I must die."

THE MONKEY AND THE CROCODILE

In far-away India there was a river in which many crocodiles lived. They were very greedy and were always looking for something to eat.

One day an old crocodile called to one of her children, "My son, go and catch a monkey for me. I want a monkey's skin to eat."

"How can I catch a monkey?" asked the young crocodile. "Crocodiles live in the water, and monkeys live on the land."

"You must get the monkey to come into the water," said the mother crocodile.

So the young crocodile tried to think of some way of getting a monkey to come into the water. A monkey lived in a tall tree on the bank of the river, so

the crocodile swam near the tree and said, "Good morning, Mr. Monkey. There is some fine fruit on the other side of the river. Come with me and we will get it."

"I can not go with you," said the monkey. "I do not know how to swim."

"I will carry you on my back," said the crocodile.

The monkey was very fond of fruit, so he said, "Thank you, Mr. Crocodile, I will go with you."

THE MONKEY HAS A RIDE

The monkey sat on the crocodile's back and the crocodile swam along on the surface of the water.

"This is a fine ride," said the monkey.

Just then the crocodile went down under the water, and the monkey was

almost drowned. When the crocodile came to the top of the water again, he said, "How do you like that?"

"I do not like it," said the monkey. "Why did you do that?"

"I am going to drown you," said the crocodile. "My mother wants a monkey's skin to eat."

"Why didn't you tell me that before we started?" asked the monkey. "Then I should have brought my skin with me. Now we must go back to the tree to get it."

"How stupid you were to leave your skin at home!" said the crocodile. "Now we must go back again."

"We are near the other shore now," said the monkey. "Let us eat some fruit before we go back."

"No, you can not have any fruit until you get your skin," said the crocodile.

So he took the monkey back to his tree.

The monkey jumped from the crocodile's back and ran up to the top of the tree. Then he called out, "Mr. Crocodile, my skin is up here. If you want it, come up and get it."

The crocodile was so angry that the monkey was afraid of him. He soon moved to a tree farther up the river. Here the river was narrow. There was a rock in the middle of it. The monkey could jump from the bank to the rock, and from the rock to the other shore.

THE MONKEY CROSSES THE RIVER

One day the crocodile saw the monkey cross here. He said to himself, "When the monkey comes home to-night, I will catch him."

The crocodile crawled up on the rock, and lay there to wait for the monkey to come back.

As it began to grow dark, the monkey started for home. When he came to the river he said to himself, "Why is the

rock so high? The crocodile must be lying on it."

The monkey did not know what to do. At last he called out, "Hello, rock!"

"The rock does not answer," said

the crocodile to himself. "I will answer for it."

He called out, "Hello, monkey! What do you want?"

"Oh, it is you, Mr. Crocodile," said the monkey.

"Yes, it is," said he. "I am waiting to eat you."

"You have caught me this time," said the monkey. "Open your mouth wide so I can jump into it."

When a crocodile opens its mouth wide, it shuts its eyes.

So the monkey jumped. But he did not jump into the crocodile's mouth.

He jumped to his back and then to the shore.

The crocodile was very angry. The monkey was so much afraid of him that he never lived near that river again.

TINY LITTLE SNOWFLAKES

Tiny little snowflakes,
  In the air so high,
Are you little angels,
  Floating in the sky?
Robed so white and spotless,
  Flying like a dove,
Are you little creatures,
  From the world above?

Whirling on the sidewalk,
  Dancing in the street,
Kissing all the faces
  Of the children sweet,
Loading all the housetops,
  Powdering all the trees,—
Cunning little snowflakes,
  Little busy bees!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

THE SNOW MAN

"It is so cold my body crackles," said the Snow Man. "This is the kind of weather I like. This wind blows new life into me. How the shining ball up there is staring at me!"

He meant the sun, which was just setting.

"It can not make me wink," he said. "I will keep my eyes wide open."

His eyes were two pieces of coal. They did not mind the sun.

His mouth was made of an old rake. So he had a whole set of teeth.

He had been made by merry boys and girls. They laughed and shouted as they worked, but at last they went away.

The sun went down and the moon

rose. It was large and round in the clear blue sky.

"There it comes again from the other side," said the Snow Man.

He did not know it was the moon. He thought it was the sun.

"He does not stare at me now," said he. "Let him shine as much as he likes. Then I can see myself. If I knew how to run, I should like to go over there and slide on the ice. The boys and girls slide, but I don't know how they do it."

THE WATCH DOG

"Bow-wow! bow-wow!" barked the old watch dog.

He had a cold and could hardly speak. He said, "Snow Man, the sun will teach you to run. He taught the Snow Man last winter, and he will teach you, too."

"I don't know what you mean," said the Snow Man. "Will the round ball up there teach me how to run? It knows how to run. It ran down on this side, and then it ran up on that side."

"You don't know anything," said the watch dog. "You were just made to-day. That round ball over there is the moon. The one that went down over here was the sun. The sun will come again to-

morrow. He will teach you to run down into the gutter."

Then the watch dog crawled into his kennel and went to sleep.

"I do not know what he means," said the Snow Man. "But I think the round ball that stared at me is not my friend."

THE WEATHER CHANGES

Soon the weather changed. A fog came over the land, and the wind was as cold as ice.

When the sun rose, everything was beautiful. The trees and the bushes were covered with ice. When the sun shone on it, it sparkled like diamonds.

"How beautiful everything is!" said a young girl who came into the garden with her father. The trees are not more

beautiful than this in summer."

Her father pointed to the Snow Man and said, "We do not have that fine fellow in summer."

Then they went into the house.

"Who are those two?" the Snow Man asked the watch dog. "Do you know them?"

"Of course I know them," said the watch dog. "She strokes me and he gives me bones."

"Are they the kind of persons we are?" asked the Snow Man.

"Of course not," said the watch dog. "You do not know anything. You were made only yesterday. I am old. I know everything. Once I lived in the house beside the stove. I did not lie out here in the cold with a chain on my neck. I do not like the cold."

"The cold is very pleasant," said the Snow Man, "but don't rattle your chain so. I can't hear you."

"When I was little," said the watch dog, "I lay in a chair with a soft cushion. Then I grew larger and larger. They said I was too big for the house. So they gave me to the cook, and I slept in the kitchen beside the stove. It was nice and warm there."

THE STOVE

"Is a stove like me?" asked the Snow Man.

"No, no," said the watch dog. "A stove is not at all like you. A stove is black and you are white. A stove is hot and you are cold. Look through the window and you can see the stove."

The Snow Man looked through the

window and his eyes sparkled.

Then he said, "Oh, why did you ever leave the stove?"

"I had to," said the watch dog. "They turned me out of doors and chained me here. One day my young master kicked away the bone I was eating, and I bit him. Then they would not have me in the house."

All this time the Snow Man was looking through the window. He saw the hot stove, and said, "Shall I ever be able to go in there? It would be so nice to lean against the stove."

"You will never go in there," said the watch dog. "If you did it would be very bad for you."

All day the Snow Man looked in through the window. In the evening the room was still pleasant. The stove was

very red for it had plenty of wood to eat. When the door of the stove opened, a flame darted out. Then the Snow Man's face was very red.

"How beautiful he is when he puts out his tongue," said the Snow Man.

It was a frosty night. In the morning the window was covered with ice. The Snow Man could not see the stove.

After a time the watch dog said, "The weather is going to change."

The weather did change. It began to thaw. The sun grew warmer, and the Snow Man grew smaller. But he said nothing.

One day he fell down, and in the place where he had stood there were only two pieces of coal and a rake.

—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

THE TRAVELERS AND THE BEAR

(Two friends named John and Paul are walking in the woods. They meet each other.)

Paul. Good morning, John.

John. Good morning, Paul.

(They shake hands.)

Paul. Where are you going?

John. I am going on a journey.

Paul. May I go with you?

John. Yes come and go with me. Something may try to harm you. Then I will help you.

Paul. Something may try to harm you. Then I will help you.

(The two friends go on together.)

John. What is that?

Paul. Oh! It is a bear! I shall climb this tree. He will not see me up there.

John. Help me! Help me! I don't

know how to climb a tree.

Paul. I can't help you. I have to look out for myself.

John. I shall lie down on the ground and make believe I am dead. A bear will not touch a dead person.

(The bear comes up and sniffs at John's face. Then he goes away. Paul comes down from the tree.)

Paul. What did the bear say to you, John? He held his mouth very near your ear.

John. Oh, he only said, "Don't trust those who leave you when danger is near."

THE GOLDEN BLACKBIRD

In a far-away land there was a king who had three sons. They were all princes, but the youngest was called Princet, just as we sometimes call a young owl an owlet.

One day the king became ill, but none of the doctors in the kingdom could tell what was the matter with him.

At last a wise man came to see him. He said, "Nothing except the Golden Blackbird can make the king well again."

"Where is the Golden Blackbird?" asked the oldest prince.

"It is in the Land of Nobody Knows Where," said the wise man.

"Then I shall go to find it," said the oldest prince.

He said good-bye to his father and his brothers and set out. Soon he came

to a place where three roads met. He did not know which one to take. So he tossed up his cap and took the road that was nearest the place where it fell.

The prince walked along this road for two days. He looked in all the trees that he passed. There were plenty of robins and sparrows, but there were no blackbirds.

THE INN

At last the prince came to an inn. The landlord came out and wished him good-morning. Then he said:

"Where are you going this fine morning?"

"Oh, I am going to the Land of Nobody Knows Where," said the prince.

"Then come in and rest yourself," said the landlord. "You will be tired

before you have walked as far as that."

"Thank you. I think I will come in," said the prince. "There is no hurry about finding the Golden Blackbird. I may as well rest a little while."

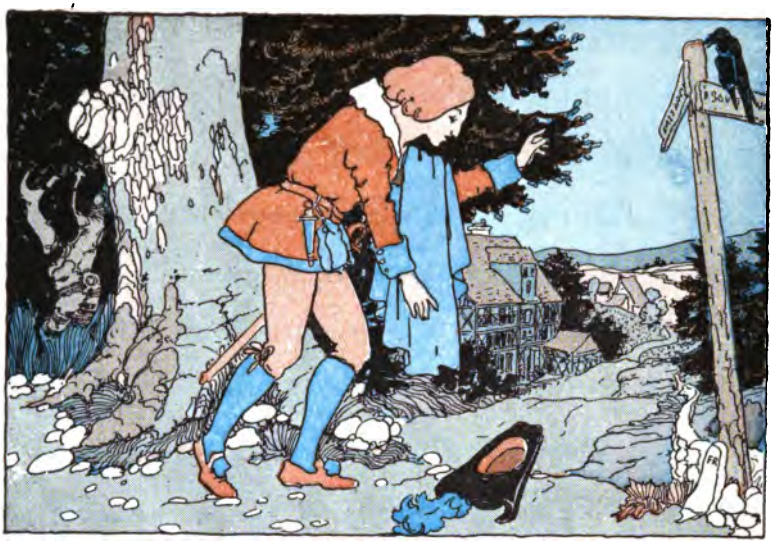
The prince went into the inn. He liked the gay companions and the place so well that he never went to look for the Golden Blackbird.

THE SECOND PRINCE GOES TO FIND THE GOLDEN BLACKBIRD

After they had waited a long time, the second prince said:

"Father, I am afraid my brother has not found the way to the Land of Nobody Knows Where. So I shall go to look for the Golden Blackbird."

He set out on the same road that his brother had taken, and in a short time



he came to the place where the three roads met.

Then he tossed up his cap and took the road that was nearest the place where it fell. It was the same road his brother had chosen; so he also came to the inn and stopped to rest.

He liked the place as well as his brother did, so he never went on to look for the Golden Blackbird.

PRINCET GOES TO FIND THE GOLDEN BLACKBIRD

One day Princet said, "Father, I am tired of waiting for my brothers to come back. I shall go to find the Golden Blackbird myself."

"Very well, my son," said the king. "If some one does not find him soon, I am afraid that I shall die."

So Princet bade his father good-bye and set out. He happened to choose the same road that his brothers had taken. When he came to the inn, they ran out and asked him to stop and rest himself.

He thanked them for their kindness but he said he was going to the Land of Nobody Knows Where. He was in a great hurry. He could not spare the time to rest. Then on he went as fast as he could go.

THE WHITE RABBIT

The next day Princet met a white rabbit. He jumped out beside the road

and said, "Little man, where are you going this fine morning?"

"I am going to the Land of Nobody Knows Where," said Princet. "I must find the Golden Blackbird to make my father well again."

"Do you know the way?" asked the white rabbit.

"No, I do not," said Princet, "but I hope to find some one who can tell me."

"I know the way," said the white rabbit. "The Land of Nobody Knows Where is more than seven hundred miles from here, but if you will jump on my back I will take you there in a minute."

"Thank you," said Princet.

Then he jumped on the white rabbit's back and off they went like the wind. Princet held on to the rabbit's ears so he would not fall off.

THE BIRD-HOUSE

The white rabbit stopped near a large castle. Then he said, "In a large bird-house near the castle, you will find the Golden Blackbird. The cage is on a shelf near by. Do not put the bird into the cage. If you do, he will begin to sing. Then the people in the castle will hear him and drive you away.

Princet hurried to the bird-house and found the Golden Blackbird as the white rabbit had said. The blackbird was shivering with the cold. Princet thought he would be warmer if he put him into the cage. As soon as he shut the door of the cage, the Golden Blackbird began to sing, and the people in the castle heard him.

The servants came running to the bird-house. As they came they shouted, "Some one is stealing the Golden Blackbird!"

"I am not stealing him," said Princet. "My father is ill and I wish to take the Golden Blackbird to him. Then he will be well again."

"All right!" said the servants. "You may have the Golden Blackbird, if you will find the Porcelain Maiden."

"Where is the Porcelain Maiden?" asked Princet.

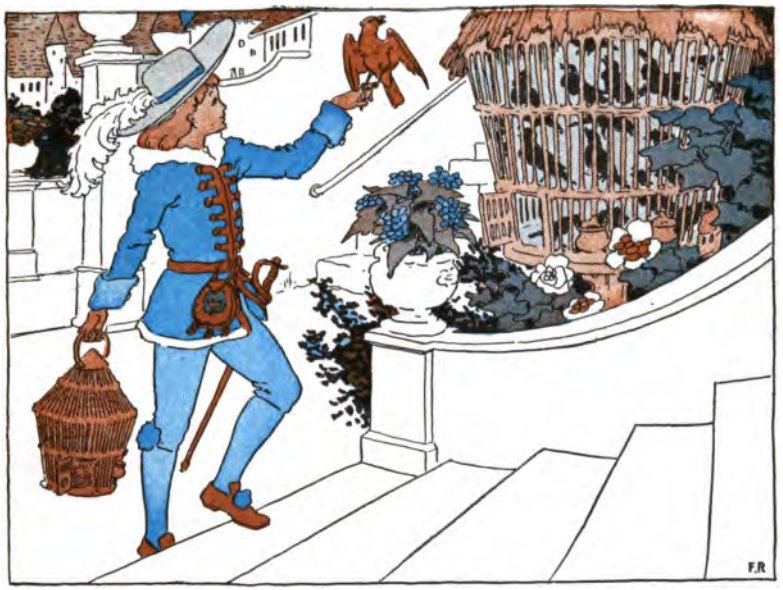
"Nobody knows where she is," said the servant. "If you can find her, you may have the Golden Blackbird."

So Princet hurried back to the white rabbit.

"What is the matter?" asked the rabbit.

"I put the Golden Blackbird into the cage," said Princet. "Then he began to sing, and the servants heard him. But they said I might have him if I could find the Porcelain Maiden."

"You have been very foolish," said the white rabbit. "You did not do as I told you. The Golden Blackbird does not belong to the people in the castle. If you had held him in your hand, he would not



have tried to sing. Then you could have carried him away."

"But where is the Porcelain Maiden?" asked Princet.

"She is sitting on a shelf in the queen's pantry," said the white rabbit. "It is two hundred miles from here, but jump on my back and we shall be there in a minute."

Princet jumped on the rabbit's back and off they went to the palace.

The white rabbit said, "The Porcelain Maiden seems to be deaf. If you can make her hear, she will begin to sing. Then she will jump down from the shelf and go with you."

Princet rapped at one of the doors of the palace. He asked the servant who opened it to let him see the Porcelain Maiden. She gladly led him to the queen's china closet.

THE PORCELAIN MAIDEN GOES WITH PRINCET

There sat the little maiden whom Princet had come to find. She was more beautiful than any one he had ever seen before. Her cheeks were like roses. Her eyes were blue and her hair was like gold.

When Princet spoke to her she smiled. Then she jumped down from the shelf and began to sing.

Princet bowed and said, "Fair maiden, I have come many miles to see you. Will you go with me to get the Golden Blackbird? My father is ill and that beautiful bird will make him well again."

"Yes, I will go with you," said the Porcelain Maiden.

It was two hundred miles back to the castle where he had left the Golden Blackbird. She could not walk so far, so Princet bought a little pony. The Porcelain Maiden rode and he walked beside her.

PRINCET TAKES THE GOLDEN BLACKBIRD

When they came to the bird-house, Princet went in. He took the Golden Blackbird in one hand and the cage in the other, and went back to the Porcelain Maiden. Then he asked her to go home with him.

It was seven hundred miles back to his home. The Porcelain Maiden rode on the pony and Princet walked all the way. The road seemed short to him, because he had the Golden Blackbird that would make his father well. Besides, the Por-

celain Maiden was a very pleasant companion.

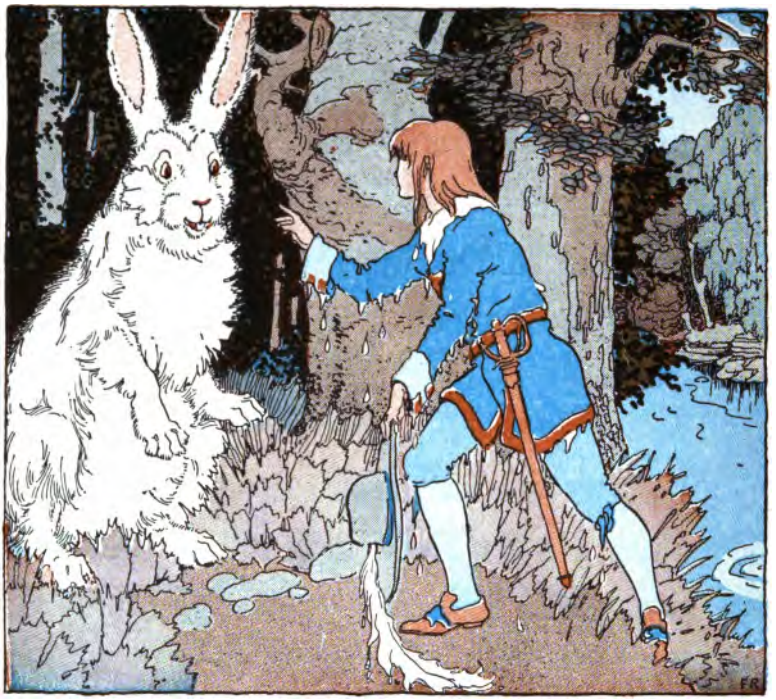
At last Princet and the Porcelain Maiden came to the inn. Princet's two brothers had been there since he went to the Land of Nobody Knows Where.

THE TWO BROTHERS

They owed the landlord so much that he would not let them go. Now they ran out and asked Princet to pay the landlord, so they could go home with him.

Princet paid the landlord and all went on together. Soon they came to a river. One of the brothers said, "Let us throw Princet into the river. Then we can take the Golden Blackbird to our father. Maybe he will reward us."

The other said, "Yes, let us throw him into the river."



So they threw Princet into the river and went on with the Porcelain Maiden. They thought Princet was drowned, but he soon swam to the shore. Then he sat down to wait until his clothes were dry. As he looked around, he saw the white rabbit coming.

"Poor Princet!" said he. "You have been very kind to your father and to your brothers. Now your brothers have tried to harm you. Dress yourself as a stable-boy and ask for work in the king's stable. Then all will be well again."

Princet thanked the white rabbit. Then he exchanged clothes with a poor boy whom he met and went to the king's palace. He was hired to tend the king's horses.

All this time the two brothers and the Porcelain Maiden had been in the palace with the king. But the Golden Blackbird did not sing, and the king was as ill as ever.

THE KING IS CURED

One day Princet went to the palace. He put the Golden Blackbird into the

cage. Then it began to sing and the king was cured at once.

"What does this mean?" asked the king.

"The Porcelain Maiden can tell you if she wishes to," said Princet.

The king asked her to speak. Then she told the story of the two brothers and of Princet's journey to the Land of Nobody Knows Where.

When the king had heard this he was angry. He ordered the two brothers to be locked up in prison, but Princet asked the king to pardon them, and they were set free.

Then the two brothers asked Princet to forgive them. He gladly did so, and they all lived happily in the palace.

—*Charles Perrault.*

THE LITTLE ELF-MAN

I met a little Elf-man, once,
  Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
  And why he did not grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
  He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,
  "As you are big for you."

—*John Kendrick Bangs*

TOM TIT TOT

There was once a woman who baked five pies, but she baked them too long. When they came from the oven, they were too hard to eat.

She said to her daughter, "Ann, put these pies on the shelf. In a little while they will become soft. Then we can eat them."

At supper time the mother said, "Ann, go and see whether the pies are soft enough to eat."

Ann went into the pantry. She tasted one pie and then another. At last she ate them all up. Then she came back to the table.

Her mother said, "Ann, are the pies soft yet?"

"No, they are not soft," said Ann.

"Isn't there one that is soft?" asked her mother.

"No, not one," said Ann.

"Well, I must have one for my supper," said the mother.

"But you can't," said Ann.

"Why can't I?" asked her mother.

"Because I ate them all up," said Ann.

The mother was angry because her daughter had eaten all the pies. So she went into the yard and began to spin.

While she was spinning, she sang:

"My daughter ate five, five pies to-day.
My daughter ate five, five pies to-day."

THE KING

The king was coming down the street. He heard the woman singing, and stopped to listen to her.

"What are you singing, my good woman?" said he.

The woman was ashamed to let him know what her daughter had done. So she said:

"My daughter spun five, five skeins to-day.
My daughter spun five, five skeins to-day."

"I am surprised," said the king, "I never heard of any one who could do that."

Then the king rode on, but he soon came back.

"Look here," said he, "I want a wife, and I will marry your daughter. For eleven months she shall have all she likes to eat. She shall have all the dresses she likes. She shall do what she likes. But in the last month of the year she will have to spin five skeins every day. If she does not do that, I shall cut off her head."

"All right," said the woman.

She thought the king would make a fine husband for her daughter. She thought he would forget about the skeins and the spinning before the year was up.

So Ann and the king were married. For eleven months she had all she liked to eat. She had all the dresses she liked. She did what she liked.

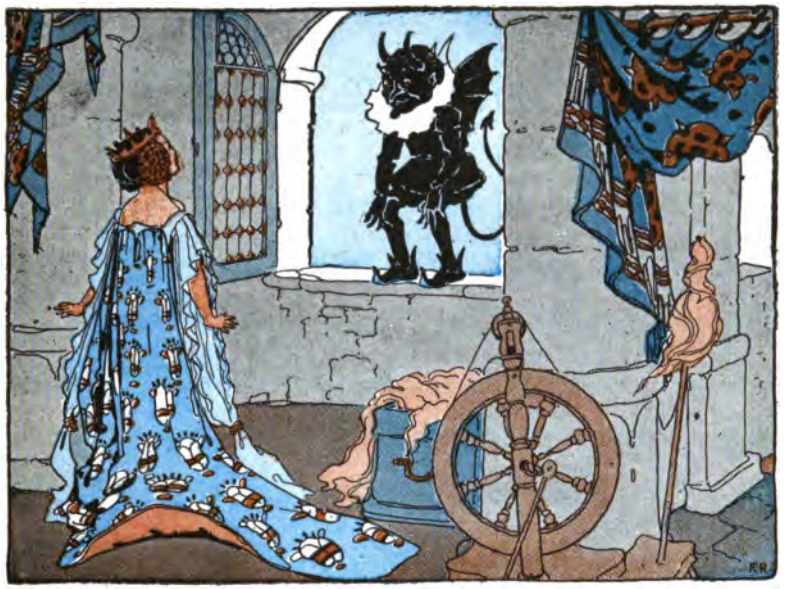
At last the year was almost up, and Ann began to think about the spinning. She hoped the king had forgotten it.

But on the last day of the month, the king took her to a room she had never seen. There was nothing in it except a spinning-wheel and a stool.

"Now, my dear," said the king, "to-morrow you must come here and spin. Bring your lunch with you. There will be plenty of flax. If you do not spin five skeins by night, off will go your head."

Then the king went away.

Ann was frightened. She was such an idle girl she did not know how to spin. So she sat down and began to cry.



THE RAPPING AT THE WINDOW

All at once she heard some one rapping at the window. She went and opened it. There stood a little black man with a long tail.

"Why are you crying?" said he.

"Why do you want to know?" said Ann.

"Never mind," said he, "but tell me

why you are crying."

"It will do no good if I do tell you," said she.

"It will do no harm," said he.

Then Ann told him about the pies and the spinning.

"I will tell you what I will do," said the little black man. "I will come to this window every morning and get the flax. I will spin it for you, and bring it back at night."

"What will be your pay?" said Ann.

"You will have to guess my name," said he. "I will give you three guesses every night. If you can't guess it before the month is up, I shall carry you off to my home."

"All right," said Ann.

She thought she would surely guess the name before the month was up.

The next day the king took Ann to the room again. There was the flax all ready for her to spin.

"Here is the flax," said the king. "If you don't spin five skeins before night, off goes your head!"

Then he went out and locked the door.

As soon as the king had gone, Ann heard some one rapping at the window. She opened it, and there sat the little black man.

"Where is the flax?" said he.

"Here it is," said she.

He took the flax and went away.

In the evening Ann heard the rapping again. She opened the window, and there was the little black man with five skeins on his arm.

"Here they are," said he, as he gave her the skeins.

"Now, what is my name?" asked the little black man.

"Is it Bill?" said Ann.

"No, it isn't," said he.

"Is it Ned?" said she.

"No, it isn't," said he.

"Is it Mark?" said she.

"No, it isn't," said he.

And he twirled his tail and flew away.

When the king came in, there were the five skeins ready for him.

"I see I shall not have to take off your head to-night," said he.

Then he went away again.

Every day after that the flax and the food were brought to Ann. Every morning that little black imp came for the

flax, and every evening he came with the skeins.

But Ann did not have an easy time. All day long she was trying to think of names to say to the imp when he came at night. She tried and tried, but she never found the right one.

At last the month was almost gone. Ann had not been able to guess the imp's name. This pleased him very much. He laughed an ugly laugh every time she guessed the wrong name.

THE NEXT TO THE LAST DAY

The next to the last evening of the month the imp brought the skeins.

Then he said, "Can't you guess my name yet?"

"Is it Nicholas?" said Ann.

"No, it isn't," said he.

"Is it Richard?" said she.

"No, it isn't," said he.

"Is it Henry?" said she.

"No, it isn't," said he.

Then his eyes looked like coals of fire.

He said, "Woman, there is only one day more. Then I'll get you!"

And away he flew.

Ann was very much frightened. Just then she heard the king coming.

When the king saw the skeins, he said, "Well, Ann, I am sure you will have your skeins ready to-morrow. I am glad I shall not have to take off your head."

Then he told the servants to bring supper for Ann and himself. So they sat down and ate in the spinning room.

All at once the king stopped eating and began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Ann.

"I was out hunting to-day," said he. "At last I came to an old stone-pit. I heard some one humming, and I jumped

down from my horse to see who it was.

"Well," said the king, after he had stopped to laugh again. "I saw the funniest little black man I ever saw. He had a little spinning-wheel. He was spinning and twirling his tail. While he was spinning, he sang:

> "'Nimmy, nimmy, not,
> My name is Tom Tit Tot.'"

When Ann heard this, she was very glad. She wanted to shout, but she didn't say a word.

When supper was over, the king said good-bye and went away.

THE LAST DAY

The next morning the little black man came for the skeins. He looked uglier than ever.

When he came with the skeins in the

evening, he walked right into the room when Ann opened the window. His eyes shone like coals of fire. His tail twirled around and around.

"What is my name?" he said, as he gave her the skeins.

"Is it William?" said Ann, as if she were afraid.

"No, it isn't," said he.

"Is it Charles?" said she.

"No, it isn't," said he. "You had better be careful. This is your last guess."

Then Ann pointed her finger at him, and said:

"Nimmy, nimmy not,
My name is Tom Tit Tot."

When the imp heard that he gave an awful shriek. Then he flew out of the window, and Ann never saw him again.

SIMPLE SIMON

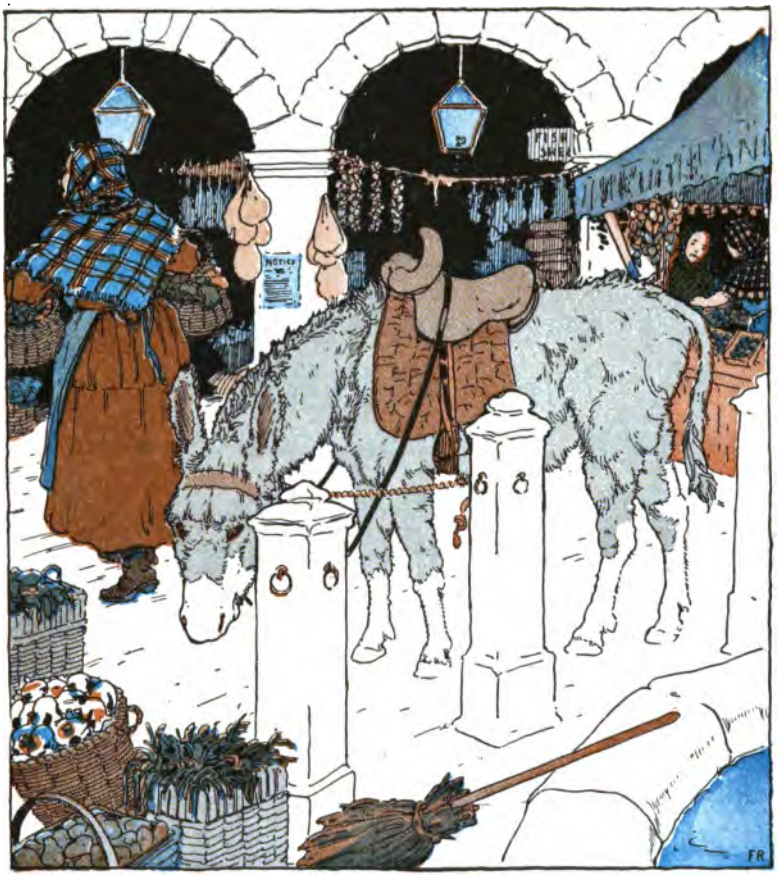
Simple Simon met a pieman
  Going to the fair.
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
  "Let me taste your ware."

Said the pieman to Simple Simon,
  "Show me first your penny."
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
  "Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went to see
  If plums grew on a thistle.
He pricked his fingers very much,
  Which made poor Simon whistle.

Simple Simon went a-fishing
  Just to catch a whale.
But all the water that he had
  Was in his mother's pail.

—*Mother Goose*



A STORY TOLD BY A DONKEY

Tuesday was market day in our town. It was the only day in the week that the donkeys hated.

Early on Tuesday morning the farmer's wife put all her eggs, butter, and vegetables into large baskets, and tied them to my saddle. Then she climbed up and sat on top of the load.

My mistress liked to reach the market early. My poor thin legs went as fast as they could, but she beat me with a hard stick to make me go faster.

This was cruel and it made me angry. I tried to kick and throw her off, but the load was too heavy. I could only wobble from one side of the road to the other. Then my mistress would beat me again.

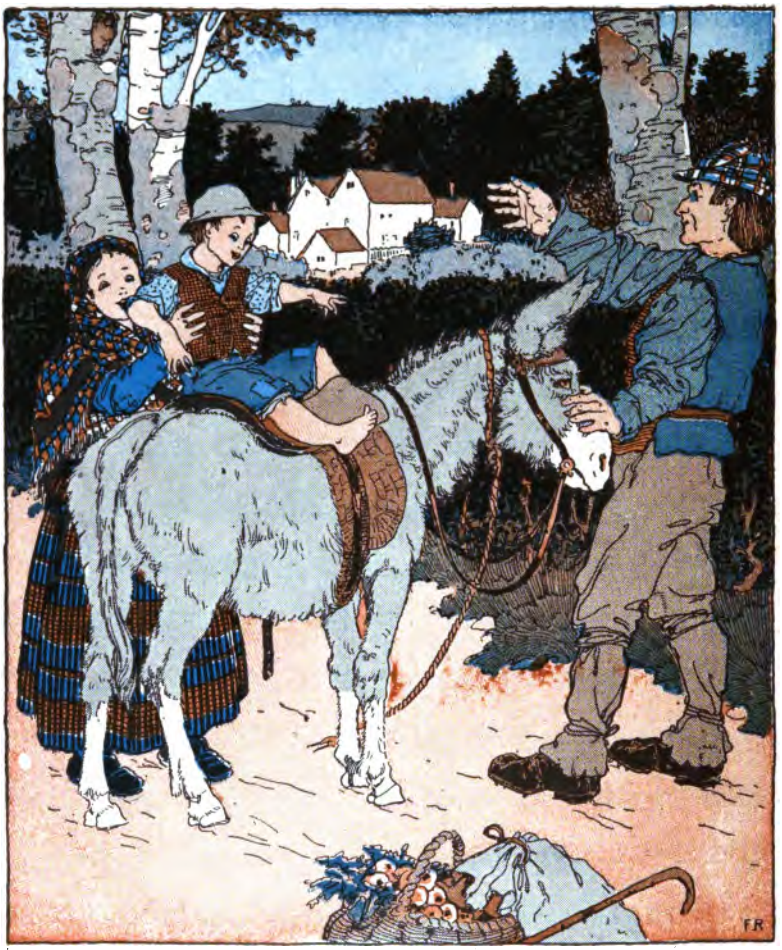
One day after a hard journey we reached the market. The farmer's wife took the baskets from my back and stood them on the ground. She tied me to a post, and then hurried away to get her dinner.

I also was hungry and thirsty, but no one thought of giving me fresh grass or cool water. So I pulled at my rope. It stretched a little and at last I could just reach the basket of vegetables. Then I had a fine dinner of cabbages and lettuce.

After a while my mistress came back. When she saw the empty basket, she knew I had eaten the vegetables. She was very angry, so she called me bad names, and began to beat me.

When I could bear it no longer, I kicked her so hard that she fell flat upon the ground.

She called for help and men came running from everywhere. They carried her away but left me tied to the post. They seemed to forget that I was there, so I broke the rope and started for home.



NEDDY STARTS FOR HOME

People were surprised to see a donkey without a driver.

"He has run away," said one.

"He has no load upon his back," said another.

"He has done some harm," said a third.

"Let us catch him," said a woman to her husband. "We will put our little boy upon his back."

"He will carry you both," said the husband.

I wanted them to know that I was kind and willing. So I came close to them and stood still. Then the man helped the woman and the child to the saddle.

"He seems to be a kind donkey," said he.

I wished to tell him that donkeys are always kind when they are treated kindly. But I only brayed "Hee-haw! hee-haw!"

I carried the woman and the child to their home. They were pleased and wanted to keep me, but I thought it would not be honest to stay with them. My mistress was cruel to me, but I had hurt her, too. So I ran home as fast as I could.

My mistress's little daughter Mary saw me coming. She said, "Neddy is early to-day. Jim, go and take off his saddle."

"He has run away from mother," said Jim.

Jim took off my saddle and led me to the pasture. Then he went back to the house.

Soon some men brought my mistress home. I listened to hear what they said. I heard Jim say, "Father, I shall beat

that donkey for hurting mother."

"Very well," said my master. "Beat him as much as you like, but do not kill him. I shall sell him next market day."

NEDDY RUNS AWAY

When I heard this I was afraid. I jumped over the hedge and ran into the forest. There I found plenty of sweet grass and cool water.

I thought I should be safe in the forest, but the next day I heard the barking of dogs.

"Go on, go on!" called a man's voice. "Find that donkey for me!"

I knew that the men and the dogs from the Hedge Farm were hunting for me. I was afraid and ran toward a little brook. There were bushes beside it, so I jumped in and ran along in the water.

I knew the dogs could not follow my tracks in the brook. At last I could not hear the barking of the dogs. I was cold and tired and stopped for a little rest. Soon I went on until I came out of the forest. Then I was in a pasture where many cattle were grazing. They did not notice me, so I lay down to rest.

Just before night two men came into the pasture. "Shall we take in the cattle?" said one of them.

"Why should we?" asked the other.

"There are wolves in the forest," said the first man. "Wolves have eaten the donkey from the Hedge Farm."

"They beat their donkey and killed him," said the other man. "The people from that farm do not wish us to know this. So they say that their donkey was eaten by wolves."

But the first man said, "I am afraid. I think we should take in the cattle."

I lay still in the tall grass and the men did not see me. They drove the cattle out of the pasture.

I was not afraid, for I was the donkey from the next farm. So I slept there all night.

NEDDY RUNS AWAY FROM THE PASTURE

In the morning two large dogs came with the cattle. I was eating my breakfast, when one of the dogs saw me. He began to bark and ran after me, but I jumped over the hedge, and he could not follow me. Then I went on until I came to another forest. I was now far away from home. Winter was coming on, and I did not wish to stay out in the cold. It was time to find a new master; so I left

the forest and traveled toward a village.

A neat little cottage was near the village. An old woman was sitting in the doorway. She was sewing and did not see me. But she seemed kind and sad, so I came near her and put my head on her shoulder.

She jumped up and cried, "Oh! what was that?"

I stood very still and looked at her.

"Poor donkey," said she. "Do you belong to any one? My poor old Greycoat died the other day. If you have no master, you may take his place. Then I shall be able to carry my vegetables to market."

A little boy came out of the cottage. "Granny, to whom are you talking?" asked he.

Then he saw me and said, "O Granny, may I stroke the donkey?"

"Yes, George," said she, "but take care that he does not bite you."

I only turned my head and licked the little boy's hand. This pleased him, and he said, "Oh, see! Granny, the donkey licked my hand."

"Go to the village, my dear," said the grandmother, "and try to find the donkey's master."

I trotted along after George, for I wanted him to ride on my back. I stopped near a mound by the road and he quickly climbed up. Then away we went to the village.

"Whoa!" said George, when he came to the inn.

"What do you want, my boy?" asked the inn-keeper.

"Please, sir, can you tell me whose donkey this is?" asked George.

"No, I have never seen that donkey before," said the inn-keeper.

Indeed, nobody in the village knew me. At last we went back to the good old grandmother. George told her he could not find my owner.

"Since you cannot find the donkey's master, we may keep him," said she.

George took me to Greycoat's shed. He gave me some hay and water and a soft bed to lie on.

In the morning I carried the old woman and her vegetables to market. It was a happy day for me. No one in that market town had ever seen me before.

I lived with little George and his good grandmother for four years. I worked well for them and never harmed them. They were always kind to me. They were poor, but they fed me as well as they could. Donkeys do not need fine food. Carrots and turnips are good enough for us.

NEDDY AND THE CHILDREN

Sometimes my mistress hired me out to the children of the village. They enjoyed riding on my back.

One day I was in the courtyard with five other donkeys.

"I will take this one," said Charles as he pointed to me.

Charles knew that I was strong, as well as beautiful.

"No, no," said the other children. "You always choose Neddy. We must draw lots to-day."

Charles did not wish to do this. "We cannot draw lots," said he. "Who ever heard of putting donkeys in a bag as if they were marbles."

"Of course we cannot put the donkeys in a bag," said Anthony. "We will number the donkeys 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6. Then we will write the numbers on slips of paper and draw them out of the bag."

Ernest made the slips of paper. Anthony brought a piece of charcoal. I

was the first donkey, and he wrote a figure 1 on my side.

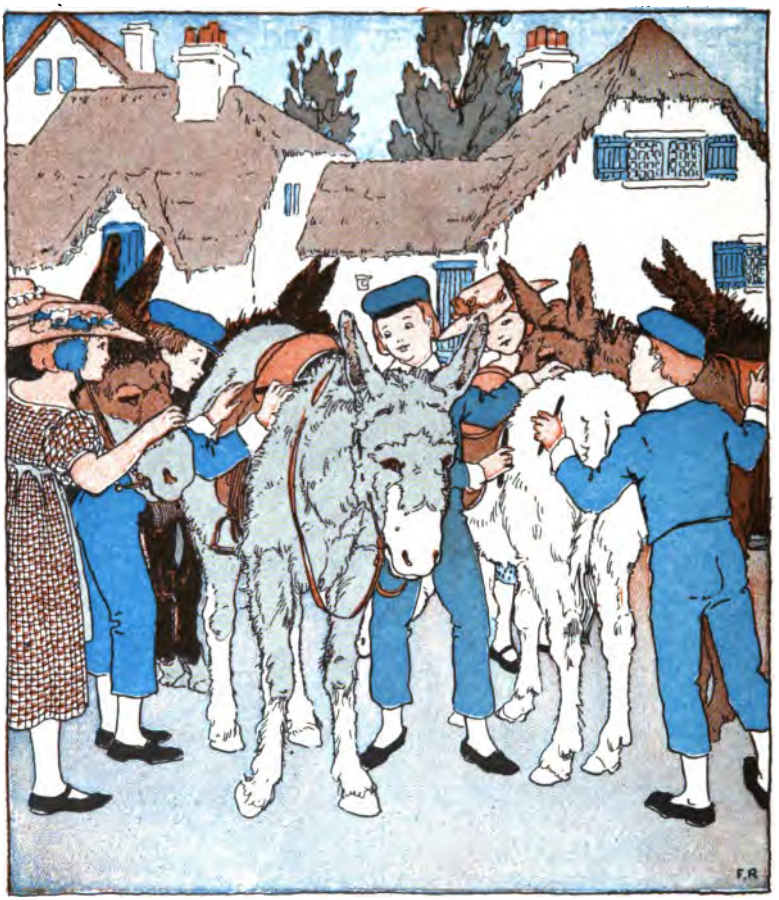
"These children are not as wise as donkeys," I thought. "Why do they mark us with charcoal? They might put us in a row by the wall. Then they could number us from 1 to 6."

I shook myself. My hair moved and the 1 on my side was gone.

"Why did you do that, Neddy?" asked Anthony.

While he was marking me again, the donkey next to me shook the 2 from his side. Then the other children laughed at Anthony.

I told the other donkeys not to move until we were all marked. Soon the children drew their numbers. Just as they came to get us, we shook ourselves. Not one number was left!



The children began to shout. The donkeys began to bray. Many persons heard the noise and came to see what was the matter.

At last some one stood us in a row along a wall and wrote numbers on the wall.

After the numbers were drawn from the bag, each child took his donkey. I was drawn by Ernest.

THE RACE TO THE BRIDGE

Charles and his donkey started first. I ran after them and soon passed them. Charles beat his poor donkey, but it was of no use. He could not overtake us.

I ran on swiftly until we came to a bridge. There I stopped, for I saw that there was a rotten plank in the middle of it.

"Go on! go on!" cried Ernest.

I would not cross the bridge, but I turned around and walked toward the others. Ernest beat me and shouted at me.

"Why do you beat Neddy?" asked Caroline. "He ran faster than any of the donkeys."

"He will not cross the bridge," said Ernest.

"I think he wanted to wait for the rest of us," said Caroline. "Let us see if he will cross now."

WHY NEDDY BALKED

I was afraid that the children would fall into the water. I ran toward the bridge, but again I stopped suddenly and looked at the rotten plank. The children pushed and beat me. They pulled me by my tail. Still I would not move.

"I will go across the bridge first," said Charles.

I tried to stand in his way. But Charles beat me until I could not bear it.

"Very well," I said, as I moved out of the way, "I have done all that I can."

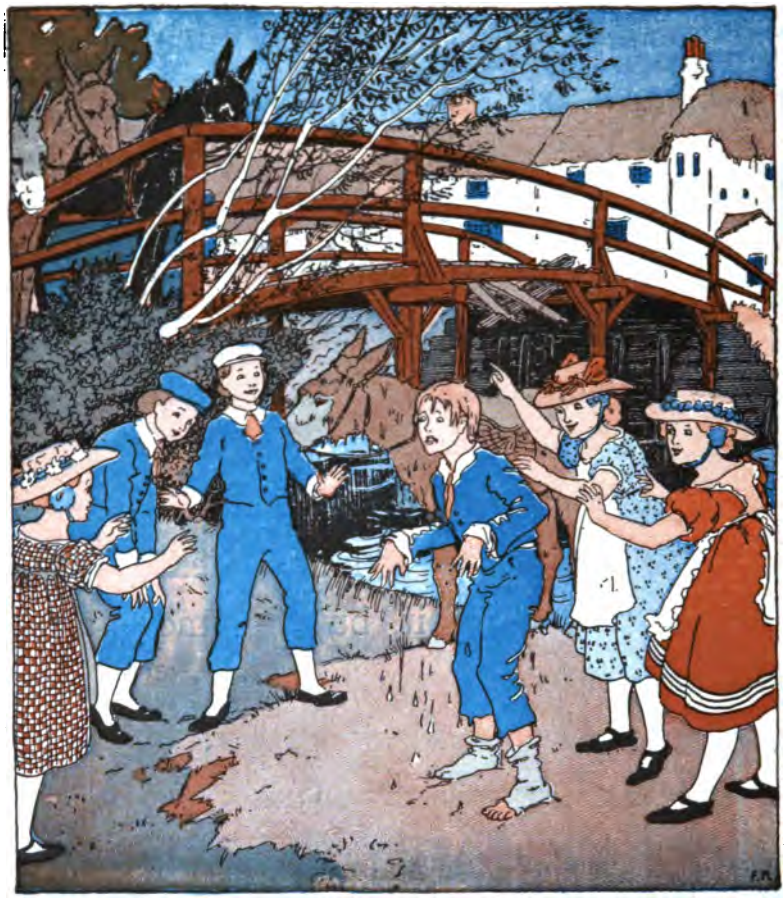
Charles's donkey stepped upon the rotten plank. Down went the boy and the donkey into the water!

The children began to scream and shout. The donkey could swim, but Charles could not.

"Help! help!" cried Charles.

Caroline threw a large stick to him. He caught hold of it, but he almost pulled Caroline into the water. The others ran to help her. At last all five of them pulled Charles up on the bank.

When the other children saw that Charles was safe, they began to laugh at him. He looked very funny. He was dripping wet. He had lost his hat and his shoes. His damp hair had fallen over his eyes and he was very angry.



We donkeys could not laugh. We could only bray. We were not sorry for the donkey who had fallen into the water. He was a very stupid fellow.

When Charles had gone home, we went for our ride. I led the way.

"How wise and clever Neddy is!" said the children.

NEDDY'S NEW MASTER

These times could not last forever. George's father was a soldier. When he came home from the war, he bought a house in town. George and his good grandmother went there to live, and I was sold to a farmer.

My new master made everybody on his farm work very hard. It was my duty to draw a little cart on market days. The load was not heavy. My master did not beat me, but I was lazy and did not like to wear a harness. Then, too, I often had to go without food or water from early in the morning until evening.

I thought that my master was treating me unkindly. I was a bad donkey in those days. So I began to think of some way to punish him.

On market days the people of the farm got up very early. I was allowed to stay in the pasture until eight o'clock. Then it was time to be harnessed to the cart.

NEDDY'S TRICK

One morning I played a trick on my master. I hid in a deep ditch filled with bushes and brambles. When the boy came for me, he could not see me. He ran about looking for me, and at last he called to the farmer:

"There is no hole in the hedge, but the donkey has gone away."

I heard my master say, "Some one

must have left the gate open. See if he is in the fields across the way. Hurry! it is time to start for the market."

They looked everywhere for me. When they came back they were hot and tired. My master thought I had been stolen, so he drove one of the horses to market.

I waited until there was no one in sight. Then I came out of the ditch and ran to the other side of the pasture. I began to bray "Hee-haw! hee-haw!"

At the first sound all the people ran out of the house.

"You are a clever donkey!" said my mistress. "How did you get away from the thieves who stole you?"

They came near me and stroked me. Then they left me to graze in the pasture all day, but I was so ashamed of myself

that I did not enjoy it.

In the afternoon my master came home. He could not understand how I had got into the pasture again.

NEDDY PLAYS THE TRICK AGAIN

The next week I played the same trick. On market day I hid in the ditch again. This time my master was sure I had been stolen. He drove one of the horses to market.

I thought it safer not to bray when I came out of the ditch. When the farm people saw me, they did not say I was good and clever. I thought they suspected me, but I said to myself:

"You will not be able to catch such a clever fellow as I am!"

When market day came again, I hid in the ditch for the third time. In a few

minutes the farmer brought his dog into the pasture.

"Go after him, Rover!" he cried.

Very soon Rover found me. He began to bark and to snap at my heels, so I scrambled out of the ditch. When I tried to break through the hedge, my master caught me.

"Since you can not be trusted," said he, "I shall tie you up."

So I was taken out of the pasture and shut up in the barn. Soon I learned to lift the latch and open the door. Every day I managed to get out.

I made a great deal of trouble for the people at the farm. When they beat me, I became more and more tricky. I ate the lettuce in the garden. I drank a bowl of cream that was ready for churning. I knocked down the farmer's little

boy. I even hurt the pigs and the chickens. I was unhappy and I wished others to be unhappy also.

At last my master decided to sell me, and on the next market day I was sold. The man who bought me gave me to his little daughter who was ill, but soon the little girl died. Then her father turned me out into the road to live as best I could.

NEDDY HAS NO HOME

All through the winter I had no home. I lived alone in the forest. It was very cold. Often I had nothing to eat or to drink.

"If I had not been so bad, I should now have some one to take care of me," I thought.

So I decided to be a good donkey.

One day in spring I went to a village on the edge of the forest. It seemed to be a holiday. People were walking about in their Sunday clothes.

I was surprised to see a number of donkeys with garlands of flowers about their necks. They were sleek, well-fed fellows. It was plain that they had not lived in the forest during the winter. I came closer to see what was going on.

"Look! here is a fine donkey!" cried a boy who caught sight of me.

"He has come to run in the donkey race," said another. "There is no fear of his winning the prize."

At once every one began to make fun of my shaggy coat.

"Where is the race to be?" asked an old woman.

I stopped to listen, for if there was to be a race, I wished to be in it. I knew I could run.

"The race will be in the meadow by the mill, Mother Evans," said a man named Andrew. "The donkey that runs the fastest will win a silver watch and a bag of money."

"I wish I had a donkey!" said Mother Evans. "He might win the

watch for me. I have never been able to buy one."

Mother Evans's words pleased me.

"Surely I can run faster than any of these fat donkeys," I said to myself.

I followed them into the meadow. Then I brayed to let the people know I was there. A man named Bill tried to drive me away.

"That donkey can't run," he said. "He doesn't belong to anybody."

I would not move from my place. Some people laughed, and others were angry at the delay. At last Mother Evans said:

"Since he belongs to no one, I will be his mistress. He shall run for me."

"If he runs for you," said Bill, "you must put a shilling into the bag. The Squire is holding the money."

So Mother Evans dropped her shilling into the bag. Then the clerk put her name down in the book.

The donkeys were then drawn up in a line.

"One, two, three, and away you go!" called the Squire, and we were off.

Before we had gone a hundred yards, I was in the lead. I ran like the wind. When I passed the winning post, I was far ahead of all the other donkeys.

Those who had no donkeys in the race cheered loudly. Mother Evans was delighted. She proudly led me to the Squire to receive the first prize.

"Please, sir, it isn't fair!" cried Bill and Andrew. "Mother Evans has no right to the watch and the bag of money. That donkey does not belong to her."

"Did Mrs. Evans put her money into the bag?" asked the Squire.

"Yes, sir," said both of them.

"Then the watch and the money belong to her," said the Squire.

"Please, sir, it is not fair!" said

Andrew and Bill, who wanted the prizes for themselves.

When I heard this, I took the watch and the bag in my teeth and gave them to Mother Evans. Then the crowd laughed and shouted.

"The donkey has settled the matter," said the Squire, "and he isn't the biggest donkey here, either."

Again the people laughed and Bill and Andrew were so angry that they went away. I also was angry because the Squire had said those stupid fellows were like donkeys. I would not stay there to be insulted. I left the place at once.

NEDDY MEETS NEW FRIENDS

After a time I stopped to rest by the roadside. I was sad and lonely, for I

thought that no one cared for me.

"Poor donkey," said a kind voice in my ear.

I looked around. Near me stood a little boy.

"What is it, Master Jack?" asked his nurse, who was hurrying along with the little boy's sister.

"Oh, nurse, here is a poor donkey. Let us take him to grandma," said he. "See how thin he is! She will take care of him."

"Yes, yes! Let us take him home," cried little Janie.

She wished to ride, so the nurse put her on my back.

"Come on, dear donkey, I shall call you Neddy," said Jack. He stroked me with his soft little hand, and I was so glad to be trusted that I followed him.

Now and then I touched his hand with my nose.

"Look, nurse!" said he. "Neddy is kissing me."

"He only wants the bread in your pocket, Master Jack," said the nurse.

I did not want the bread, so I turned my head away.

When we reached the house, the children's grandmother came out to see me. She was a very kind old lady.

"Oh, grandma, may we keep him—may we keep him?" asked the children.

I behaved as well as I could, for I wished to stay with this family.

"He seems to be a gentle donkey," said the grandmother. "I shall send the coachman to the village to find his owner. If no one claims him, we will keep him. How thin and poor he looks."

The stableboy took me to the barn. He made me a soft bed of straw and brought me some oats.

TOO MANY OATS

"Oh, Robert, give Neddy more," said Jack, who had followed with little Janie. "He must be very hungry. Nurse says he ran in the race."

"Take care, Master Jack," said Robert, "or you will not have a donkey

to ride. Too many oats will make him sick."

But Jack wanted me to have more, and at last the stableboy gave me another measure of oats.

I ate the oats and some hay. I drank a pailful of water and lay down to sleep.

My only task the next day was to take the children for a short ride. Jack himself fed me. In spite of the stableboy's warning, he gave me too much food. I ate everything that was put before me.

The third day I was so ill I could eat nothing. I had a fever and my head ached. When Jack came to the stable, I could not stand up.

"Get up, Neddy," said he. "It is breakfast time."

I tried to lift my head but could not. Jack was frightened. Just then the stableboy came in. He saw at once that something was wrong.

THE ANIMAL DOCTOR

"Oh, what is the matter with Neddy?" cried poor Jack.

"Neddy has a fever," said the stableboy. "You have given him too many oats. Now we must send for the animal doctor."

Jack was very much frightened.

"Now you see, Master Jack," said the stableboy, "that I knew best. This donkey had very little to eat all winter. He became very hot in the race, so we should have given him only a few oats."

When he heard this, poor little Jack began to cry. He said, "Poor donkey! He will die. I have killed him!"

"Do not cry, Master Jack," said the stableboy. "I think we shall be able to cure him."

When the doctor came, he gave me some medicine and I soon felt better. When I was able to walk, the stableboy led me to the pasture.

JACK AND JANIE

A whole week passed before I was well again. Every day Jack and Janie

came to see me. They gave me cool grass and vegetables from the garden.

Every evening they walked to the stable with me. Then they gave me a supper of potato peel and salt.

No one had ever been so kind to me before. Jack even wished to put his own pillow under my head. Little Janie wanted to cover me with the blanket from her bed. One day they brought some cotton to keep my feet warm.

"If I could only speak," I thought, "I should thank these dear children."

Soon I was as well as ever.

Some cousins of Jack and Janie came to visit them and we played together all summer. Since that time I have always lived at grandma's farm.

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